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IT is February. How the very sound makes one shiver ! It is, indeed, the coldest month in the year — yet it brings with it its share of pleasures. It is pleasant to frolic in the drifts, to slide

and ride upon the snow, and to skate along the ice, of February. It is pleasant also, when the day is over, to sit down by a good fire, and read an amusing book, or hear a good story. What care we for

Jack Frost, or old Boreas, when we are comfortably housed? The one may bang away at the window panes, and the other roar round the corners of the house, or down the chimneys—it is all one to us, if so be we are by a good fire, and among agreeable friends. The very tempest without seems then to increase our enjoyments within. How well do I remember the good times, long gone by, when Bill Keeler and I used to sit in the old family parlor, at Salem, on stormy winter nights, reading, perchance, some old legends, or relating stories which we had read, or which we made up as we went along! Bill had a great knack at the latter, and his way of telling a story was sure to give it a peculiar interest. Some of his tales I have already given to my readers, and some have faded from my memory. But there is one so appropriate to the present season,—the month of February,—that I shall make no apology for introducing it here.

The Story of the "White Owl."

THE boundary between the states of New York and Connecticut is formed, to a considerable extent, of a range of mountains, the several peaks of which have different names. One of these is but little more than a naked rock, and, being formed of limestone, has a whitish appearance, when seen from a distance. It bears the name of the *White Owl*, derived either from its appearance or an ancient legend that still lingers among the neighboring inhabitants. The story is as follows:—

The winter of 1780 was one of the most severe that has ever been known in

this country, and, for half a century after, was known by the name of the *hard winter*. As early as November, the ground was covered with snow. It continued to fall almost every day, until it lay upon the earth at a general level of five feet. The fences were all buried, the roads blocked up, and for several weeks there was no passing from village to village. During the month of February, the cold had become intense; many of the sheep and cattle were buried beneath the snow-drifts and perished. The suffering of the people throughout the country was increased by the poverty of the inhabitants, in consequence of the war with England, which still raged in the country.

At this period, there dwelt at the foot of the *White Owl* a man of middle age, celebrated alike for his bodily strength, his courage, and his various adventures. He was one of those persons who are always meeting with something extraordinary; and such was his peculiar character, that he had acquired the familiar title of *Hardhead*. He was of a restless temper, and not even the severity of the season, already mentioned, could keep him quiet. In midwinter, and while the earth lay buried in snow, he sallied forth with his gun, and took his way up the rocky slope of the mountain.

It appears that he had not been gone long before his foot slipped upon the snow, which had now become covered over with a hard, glassy crust. Sliding down the mountain a considerable distance, he was at last thrown against the trunk of a large tree. Such was the force of the shock as to deprive him at once of all signs of life. How long he lay in this condition is not known; but four persons chanced to be

passing near the spot, and found him stretched upon the snow. He appeared to be dead, and no doubt entered the minds of the individuals who discovered him, but that he was frozen to death.

They were at a distance of more than two miles from any house, and they were therefore embarrassed to know how to proceed in disposing of the body of their unfortunate neighbor. After some consultation, they concluded to deposit it in a cavern near by, which one of the party had previously discovered while hunting among the mountains. This was accordingly done, and, as a defence against wild beasts, the mouth of the cave was closed by rolling into it an enormous stone.

Having accomplished this, the men went their way, intending, as soon as possible, to return with assistance from the neighboring village, in order to bestow upon the remains of the huntsman the rites of burial. This design, however, was baffled by the augmented severity of the winter. Day by day, the snow increased, and the cold grew more and more intense. All communication with the mountain was cut off, and every individual was occupied in taking care of himself and his family, or in assisting his neighbors.

Several weeks passed away, and the body of the huntsman, that had been left in the cavern, was almost forgotten. The cold weather continued till late in the following spring. It was not till the early part of May that the immense masses of snow and ice, which had been amassed in the ravines of the mountains, were wholly melted away. Three months had now elapsed since the four men had placed the body of the huntsman in the cave.

It became a question in the village whether they should permit it to remain, and consider the cavern as its final tomb, or whether it should be taken out, and placed in the burial-ground.

The latter opinion at last prevailed. About a dozen persons accordingly proceeded to the mountain for the purpose of carrying this design into effect. With considerable effort they rolled away the stone from the mouth of the cave. They then paused for a few moments, feeling a kind of horror at the idea of entering what they deemed the house of death. It is not possible to describe their amazement at seeing something, bearing the image of a man, now crawling forth upon its hands and knees from the cavern. The apparition bore a countenance pale and haggard; the beard was long, and the hair, standing in all directions, was white as the driven snow. The spectacle was too awful to be withstood. Most of the party fled at first sight. A few lingered to take a more deliberate view of the seeming monster; but as the image came more fully into the light, and seemed to fix its glaring eyes on those around, they too were seized with terror, and fled.

The story of an awful adventure in the mountains was soon spread through the village. At an early hour in the evening, every family was gathered in, and the door shut; no one dared to venture abroad that night. Two or three persons, who had the hardihood to look out of their windows, declared that they saw the ghost of Jacob Hardhead passing along in the moonlight. On the morrow, sitting upon the steps of the meeting-house, there was found a man, who seemed to be on the verge of threescore years and

ten. The minister of the parish, with the two deacons and selectmen, approached and questioned the stranger. He pointed to the mountain, then shook his head, and was silent. It was no other than Jacob Hardhead. He retired to his dwelling, and months passed away ere he was able to tell his story. His tongue was then loosed, and he gave an account of his adventures.

As he was climbing the mountain, his attention was arrested by a large owl sitting upon the branch of an aged tree. It was entirely white, and seemed looking about wistfully for food. As the huntsman approached, the bird plunged into the hollow of an enormous oak, that stood upon the slope of the ridge, and disappeared. Approaching the oak with the intention of ascending it in search of the owl, his foot gave way, and, sliding upon the snow-crust, he had been precipitated to the bottom of the cliff.

When his senses returned, he found himself in a state of complete darkness. Groping about, he was at last able to make out that he was in a cavern. By degrees, his eye became adjusted to the darkness, and he was able to see the objects around him. The cave was of considerable extent, and he found it to consist of several chambers, one above another. Utterly at a loss to conceive how he had become thus imprisoned, he still determined, if possible, to get out. He sought to roll away the stone which had been placed at the mouth of the cave, but he was much enfeebled, and his strength was inadequate to the task.

A long time passed, and, at length, he found himself in want of food; but how could he obtain it? He had now before

him all the horrors of starvation. When, at last, he seemed about to die of hunger, relief came from a quarter least to be expected. He had ascended to one of the upper apartments of the cavern, and thrown himself down in expectation of soon breathing his last, when he saw the very bird which had been the occasion of his misfortune, descending through an opening in the roof of the cave. It alighted upon a projecting shelf of the rock immediately above his head.

What was the joy of the prisoner to observe that the owl had a young rabbit in its claws! Unperceived he reached forth his hand, and seized the legs of the quadruped, as they projected over the rock. He pulled gently, but the bird held on, seeming determined not to relinquish its feast. But the prisoner proved the stronger of the two, and soon possessed himself of the rabbit. The owl looked hither and thither, and seemed greatly bothered at what had happened; but the creature did not appear to suspect the truth. After fidgeting about for a time, it went to sleep, and left our hero to devour the rabbit with what appetite he could.

To make a long story short, the owl made frequent visits to the cave, always bringing a rabbit, a squirrel, a barn-door fowl, or something of the kind. A part of this plunder was taken by our hero, who thus sustained life during the three months of his imprisonment. His long confinement in the chill bosom of a cavern, the scantiness of his food, and the anxiety which filled his mind, turned his hair white, bowed his frame, and gave him the aspect of old age. He, however, lived many years, and his story

passed down to after times among other curious legends connected with the mountain.

The Wisdom of Brahmin.

SIX words their several claim to me put every day:
I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may.

I ought,—this is the law by God to my heart given,
The goal on towards which I am by myself driven.

I must,—this is the pale, in which the world one side,
And on the other nature, force me to abide.

I can,—the measure is of power, to me lent,
Of strength, ability, art, knowledge, the extent.

I will's the most lustrous jewel with which I'm dressed,
And freedom's seal my mind hath on itself impressed.

I dare,—this is at once the motto on the seal,
At freedom's opened gate a bolt whose check I feel.

I may,—at best, is that which doth betwixt all afloat,
Uncertain and unfixed; the moment gives it note.

As long as *Thou* wouldst teach, I know that, every day,
I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may.
FROM THE GERMAN.

LONG life is short where virtuous men engage,
But to the bad, one moment is an age.

God bless the Mariner.

[SELECTED.]

GOD'S blessing on the mariner!
A venturous life leads he:
What reck the landmen of their toil
Who dwell upon the sea?

The landsman sits within his home,
His fireside bright and warm,
Nor asks, "How fares the mariner,
All night amid the storm?"

God bless the hardy mariner!
A homely garb wears he;
And he goeth with a rolling gait,
Like a ship upon the sea.

He hath piped the loud "Ay, ay, sir!"
O'er the voices of the main,
Till his deep tones have the hoarseness
Of the rising hurricane.

His seamed and honest visage
The sun and wind have tanned,
And hard as iron gauntlet
Is his broad and sinewy hand.

But, O, a spirit looketh
From out his clear, blue eye,
With a truthful, childlike earnestness,
Like an angel from the sky.

A venturous life the sailor leads
Between the sky and sea;
And when the hour of dread is past,
A merrier who than he?

He knows that by the rudder-bands
Stands One well skilled to save;
For a strong hand is the Steersman's,
That directs him o'er the wave.

REASON'S whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence.
POPE.



Goldsmith.

THERE are few names which convey to the mind more pleasant emotions than that of Oliver Goldsmith. He was born at Pallas, in Ireland, November 10, 1728. His father was a poor clergyman with seven children, of whom Oliver was the fifth. The latter was deemed a dull boy, and he was thought unfit for any learned profession. It was supposed that he might make a tolerable merchant, and with this view he was turned over to the care of the village schoolmaster.

Young Oliver had plenty of good stuff in him, and it soon began to show itself in flashes of wit, and a curious turn for making rhymes. His uncle and other relatives now thought him good for something, and accordingly he was sent to college in 1744. Here he had a bad tutor, and the boy became idle and unruly. In the mean time, his father died, and, after a time, his uncle induced him to attempt to enter the church as a min-

ister; but, on application for a license, he was rejected. He now determined to study law, and, being furnished by his uncle with a sum of money for the purpose, he set off for London to take rooms in what is called the Temple. Stopping at Dublin, he engaged in gambling, and lost every penny in his purse. He was obliged to return home; but the kindness of his uncle was not yet exhausted. He forgave his offences, and sent him to Edinburgh to study medicine. In two years, he went to Leyden, in Holland, where he continued his studies, though leading a dissipated and irregular life.

Though he was entirely without money, and had only one clean shirt, young Goldsmith now resolved to make the tour of Europe. Accordingly he set out on foot, and, strange to say, travelled through France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, during which time he appears to have fared very well. He had some knowl-

edge of music, and carried with him a small musical instrument. At night, when he wanted lodging, or at other times, when he needed a meal, he would approach the house of a farmer, or a mechanic, and begin to play one of his merry Irish tunes. The people were always pleased with the music, and the poor traveller received the lodging or food which he needed.

After travelling in this way for a year, Goldsmith returned to London. He was entirely destitute of money, and was glad of any employment which gave him subsistence. At first, he became assistant in a school, then he served in an apothecary's shop, and after a time set up as a physician. By the practice of medicine, and writing for magazines, he managed to get a living. At last, he was arrested for a small sum of money, and, while under arrest, sold his beautiful story of the "Vicar of Wakefield." For this his friend, the celebrated Dr. Johnson, got him sixty pounds, or about three hundred dollars.

His reputation as a writer soon rose very high, and at intervals he published the "Traveller," the "Deserted Village," the "Hermit," and other charming works, which have rendered his name so dear to all readers of English. He wrote several comedies, one of which, "She Stoops to Conquer," was very successful, and brought him considerable money. He also wrote the pleasing histories of Rome, Greece, and England, and a large work entitled "A History of the Earth and animated Nature." For the latter he received more than four thousand dollars.

Goldsmith had now many friends, great fame, and the means of living in

affluence. But, unhappily, he was entirely destitute of self-government. Great as was his genius, wonderful as was his power of delighting mankind, he indulged his passions, often drank to excess, and frequently lost large sums in gambling. He was thus in constant trouble, and a source of vexation and anxiety to his friends. In 1774, he was taken ill of a fever, and, his mind being disturbed by the poverty which haunted him, the disease made rapid strides, and on the 4th of April, he died, at the age of forty-five.

The life of Goldsmith is full of instruction. He was endowed by nature with great genius, but, owing to weakness of character, this did not insure happiness. He had not strength of purpose sufficient to induce him to pursue any object steadily. He was too idle and capricious to qualify himself for a profession, or to succeed in the practice of it. He became an author merely for subsistence, and wrote only as much and as often as his necessities required. He was ever ready to yield to the impulse of the moment, and was thus frequently drawn into difficulty. While he has contributed largely to the pleasure and profit of mankind, his own life was but a series of disappointments and sufferings.

CHILDHOOD is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lip, may operate upon the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after scouring can efface.

Wonders of Biography.

No. V.

RADAMA, KING OF MADAGASCAR.

MADAGASCAR is an island larger than the kingdom of France. It lies in the Indian Ocean, to the west of Africa, in a warm climate, and is peopled by various dark-colored races, most of which are very diverse from the African negroes. These people are called by the general name of *Madegasses*. Their numbers amount to four or five millions.

The Madegasses have made considerable progress in civilization. They build very good houses, and practise agriculture with considerable science and calculation. Some tribes are quite distinguished for their skill in manufacturing silk and cotton, in forging iron, in making gold chains, &c. They have books, and write in the Arabic character; their religion generally is idolatry. The island was at one time divided into more than twenty different kingdoms or states, each governed by a separate chief. During the present century, the greater part of them were subjected by the arms of Radama, the chief of the nation called Ovahs.

Radama was the son of Impoina, king of the Ovahs, and was born in 1792. In very early life, he showed symptoms of good feeling and shrewdness, in proof of which the following anecdote is related: When he was quite a child, his father and mother quarrelled, a divorce took place, and his mother was sent away by her husband. Radama understood this, and one day, while his father had gone out of the house, he got a chicken, and tied it to

the leg of a chair. When Impoina came home, and found the captive chicken making a great noise to get free, he asked his son what was the meaning of this. Radama replied that it was a little bird crying for its mother. The king at once took the hint, and immediately sent for his wife to come home, and was reconciled to her.

When Radama first came to the throne, his manners and policy seem to have been wholly governed by the usages and customs of his native country. The few Europeans who had visited his dominions, had gone there not to seek a permanent residence, nor with any designs of improving the country or civilizing the people. The slave trade prevailed then in Madagascar to a frightful extent, and it was this detestable traffic which attracted adventurers to the shores of this island.

The first visitors, therefore, found Radama a genuine Madegasse in manners, dress, and superstition, yet possessing a mind highly susceptible of improvement, and fired with the ambition of becoming superior to any of his ancestors. He sat on his homespun mat, on the floor of his house, clothed in his native *lamba*, or mantle, neither chair nor table being then in existence throughout his dominions. He ate out of silver dishes, and from these none dared to eat but the sovereign himself. He was then much addicted to intoxication, — a vice of which he never completely cured himself.

Although his mind had then begun to feel those impulses which led him towards a career of improvement and civilization, yet such was the jealousy with which he guarded his capital, that he allowed no roads to be made by which it might be rendered accessible to strangers. In the

year 1816, Radama had attained to a great superiority among the chieftains of Madagascar; he had incorporated into his dominions all the surrounding petty states, and maintained an army of forty thousand men armed with muskets. In this year he sent two of his brothers, who were then about nine and ten years old, to the Isle of France for education. The British governor, in a letter to the secretary of state, speaks thus of the king: "Radama is himself eager for instruction. He writes his language in the Arabic character, and is learning to write French in Roman letters. His brothers appear very intelligent for their age, and capable of acquiring every requisite principle of morals and religion."

In consequence of this, the British government sent an expedition, under Captain Lesage, to visit Radama, in hopes that an intercourse beneficial to both nations might be opened. As the English advanced into the interior of the country, the Madegasses, unaccustomed to the sight of white men, flocked round them with eager curiosity; but in other respects their behavior was inoffensive, and even obliging. The travelling, however, was beset with terrible difficulties. The route sometimes lay through rice grounds flooded with water, where no firm footing was to be found; at other times, the party were compelled to cross high mountains, the sides of which were so precipitous that they could support themselves only by clinging to the roots of trees. At this time, the rain was falling in such torrents, that, to use the words of Lesage, it seemed as if the cataracts of heaven were opened upon them.

As they approached the capital, a company of persons, about eighty in number,

suddenly appeared running towards them, divided into parties of twenty, and bearing on their heads rice, fruits, and other sorts of food for the refreshment of the travellers. They partook of this hospitality on the spot, while the natives danced and sung around them. These persons belonged to some of the most distinguished families at the court of Radama. Their attire was very elegant, the women being adorned with silver chains, necklaces, and anklets, and their dress consisting of a dark-purple cotton *lamba*, wound round the body and hanging in graceful folds. The men wore on their heads a silver ornament like a coronet, and round the waist a belt with a pouch containing their amulets. They had also silver ornaments, like the women, and were armed with muskets, many of which were studded with silver nails.

On his interview with the king, Captain Lesage found him to be a man of very agreeable and prepossessing address, and even what might justly be termed a polite man. Radama told him that the kingdom was *his*, and then, turning to his ministers, said, "Lesage is king of Madagascar, and I am king of the Isle of France." This interchange of kingdoms appears to be a customary royal compliment in Madagascar.

The mind of Radama was gradually expanded by European views and intercourse with European visitors; and, when once embarked in the career of national improvement and civilization, he displayed an energy of character similar to that of Peter the Great. He established a communication with the English at the Isle of France, received and protected the missionaries whom they sent into Madagas-

car, and promoted the establishment of schools in his dominions, more than a hundred of which were in successful operation at the time of his death. He sent his subjects to the Isle of France, and some of them even to England, to receive instruction. He encouraged European mechanics to settle in Madagascar, and gave them profitable employment; and he disciplined his army after the European fashion.

No act of Radama's life is more honorable to him than his abolition of the slave trade; and when we consider the difficulties attending it, we are compelled to pronounce that it displays a decision of character and firmness of purpose that would have reflected credit upon any Christian sovereign. In a conversation with an Englishman, he declared that in the early part of his life he was in a state of darkness. His forefathers, whom it was his duty to regard with respect, were entirely unacquainted with the proceedings of the world, and consequently were incapable of giving him beneficial instructions. He had, however, by application and perseverance, entered a path by which he was enabled to advance toward improvement. The success which had attended his efforts had been such as to convince him that for all his useful knowledge he was indebted to the Europeans.

After one of his victories in 1824, Radama thus addressed the conquered people: "The whole island is now mine. It is governed by one king, ruled by the same laws, and must perform the same service. There are no more wars; guns and spears may sleep. I am the father of the orphan and the destitute; the pro-

teCTOR of the widow and the oppressed; the avenger of outrage and injustice; the rewarder of the good and the upright. Here are soldiers to suppress rebels, should any arise, and to protect you and your children, your lives and your property. With regard to yourselves, you must now work; cultivate the waste lands, and plant all you can,—rice, wheat, barley, manioc, potatoes, cotton, hemp, flax, and silk. Unless you labor upon the soil, you will be like this little bullock before you, without father or mother, or any one to pity or care for you. Plants grow only out of the earth; gold and silver will not be poured down upon you from the skies."

The Madegasses have been, from time immemorial, subject to the most degrading superstitions, believing in witchcraft, necromancy, and fortune-telling. Radama soon became wise enough to despise all these tricks and impostures. One day, it was reported to him that a man in the neighborhood professed to be inspired, and able to predict future events. The king sent for him, and received him with much parade, his body-guard being drawn up, and the female singers arranged in the customary order. On the entrance of the pretended prophet, the singers saluted him by exclaiming, "God is come! God is come!"

Radama demanded of him what was his creed, and what he was able to do. The juggler replied that every thing unclean was forbidden, and that he knew all secrets, and could disclose futurity.

"Well," said Radama, "I am neither very clean nor very dirty. Can I approach you?"

"Certainly," replied the impostor.

"Very well," returned the king. "Know,

then, that there is a piece of gold buried near this house. We have searched for it, but cannot find it. Tell me where it is, and I shall have some reason for believing you more than a man."

The conjurer now felt in a great perplexity. He began to quake from head to foot, and cast his eyes all round, foolishly hoping to spy some place where gold was hidden. At length he ventured to point out a spot. "There it is," said he, in a tone of confidence. But when the place was searched, no gold was to be found. "Ah," exclaimed the impostor, "I meant that other place." That also was examined without success. "No," said he again, "'twas this place I meant, in the corner." Again the search was repeated unsuccessfully. This was done five or six times, when the king exclaimed, "The fellow is a cheat, and only robs the ignorant people of their property. Fetch a big stick, and give him a sound beating." This was immediately done, and, after the luckless impostor had been soundly cudgelled, the king ordered the attendants to take him away and cut off his head. But this order was given merely to frighten him; for, before he had reached the place of execution, a second mandate was issued to put him in irons and transport him to a distance from the capital, where he was kept at hard labor for his impostures. This story was circulated throughout the country, and had a great effect in checking superstitious practices among the people.

Radama was very inquisitive, and eager in the pursuit of knowledge of every sort. He was an indefatigable huntsman, and very fond of riding horses, which he performed with great skill and gracefulness,

especially on pompous and festive occasions. He was brave and impetuous, and these qualities sometimes impelled him to the commission of deeds of cruelty and injustice, for he could not bear the least opposition to his arbitrary will. His ruling desire was to be praised by all the world, and this ambition sometimes operated as a check to the impetuosity of his temper. Sometimes, in the presence of a European, he would give way to a fit of violent passion, and this person would say, "Sire, what are you about to do? Consider what the English newspapers will say of you, and what the historians of Europe will write in their books concerning you. If you commit such injustice as this, your majesty's glory will be tarnished forever?" This remonstrance always had its effect; the king would instantly become calm and reasonable, thank his guest for the reproof, and pardon the individual who had excited his anger.

The superiority of this monarch to the puerile superstitions and barbarian prejudices of his countrymen, his firmness in adhering to the plans which he had formed for elevating the political and moral character of the people under his rule, and his fidelity in maintaining the treaties which he entered into with the Europeans, are honorable traits in his character. His love of pomp and show, and military glory, must be numbered among his defects; but we can make large allowances for such a frailty, when we consider that Radama was the chief of a race of barbarians, and that his character was formed almost entirely by circumstances.

Whether Madagascar ever possessed a prince of equal talent before him may be

questioned; but there can be no doubt that Radama surpassed all other native chiefs in the improvement of his countrymen. None of his predecessors reigned over so large an extent of territory; none of them contracted foreign alliances so durable and of so important a nature, and none of them aided so directly in promoting civilization in the island. And, though it is a circumstance much to be lamented that he neither was a Christian nor set any value on Christianity for its own sake, yet he encouraged it in his dominions, for the sake of the civil benefits which follow in its train, and the additional power which he expected would thereby accrue to his empire.

The reign of Radama constitutes the most important era in the history of Madagascar. It was distinguished for the suppression of the slave trade, the adoption of a general system of education, and the introduction of Christianity into the very heart of the country. This prince subjugated almost the whole island, disciplined a large native army on the European model, established a printing-press at his capital, and introduced numerous branches of science from Europe among his subjects. Had his policy been perpetuated by his successors, he would have been the Manco Capac of Madagascar.

Radama died at Tananarivo, his capital, July 27, 1828. The description of his funeral may give an idea of the barbaric splendor of the kings of Madagascar. The body was laid out in the silver palace, so called on account of its being ornamented, from the foundation to the roof, with plates of silver. It was covered with an enormous canopy of the richest gold

brocade, diversified by stripes of blue satin and scarlet cloth, the whole bordered with gold lace and fringe. The tomb consisted of a huge mound or pyramid of stone, timber, and earth, sixty feet square. The coffin was of silver plates manufactured from twelve thousand Spanish dollars.

Within and around the coffin were deposited immense quantities of treasure of various kinds, comprising particularly those articles on which the king set the highest value during his life. Ten thousand silver dollars were laid in the coffin for him to repose on; around it were placed his richest dresses, especially the military ones. Among these there were eighty suits of very costly English uniforms; hats and feathers, a golden helmet, gorgets, epaulets, sashes, gold spurs, very valuable swords, daggers, golden spears, beautiful pistols, muskets, fowling-pieces, watches, rings, brooches, and other trinkets. To these were added the king's whole superb side-board of silver plate; a large and most magnificent goblet of solid gold, with many others, presented to him by the king of England; great heaps of costly silks, satins, and other fine cloths; in short, an incredible mass of treasure. Twenty thousand oxen were slaughtered for the funeral feast; and it was computed that the whole expense of Radama's obsequies amounted to three hundred thousand dollars.

The death of this extraordinary person was a serious misfortune to his country. The whole aspect of affairs was changed by it, and the prospects of civilization and Christianity in Madagascar have again become clouded. But the good that has already been effected by the talent and energy of Radama can never be wholly eradicated, and it is hoped, not without

reason, that the once barbarous natives of this island may erect on the foundations laid by him a solid superstructure of laws and religion that shall perpetuate among them the blessings of Christianity and social refinement.

The Story of George's Journey.

[Continued from p. 22.]

CHAPTER II.



OUR young readers may smile, if they please, at our story of George's journey; but, though it is a dream, they will find, by-and-by, that it has a meaning; and they will, perhaps, learn that the fancy which plays such pranks in our sleep, can sometimes teach a good lesson, if we are willing to heed it. We will now proceed with our narrative.

The soldier saw by George's looks that he was telling the truth, and said to him, that his good and gentle manners would serve him as a passport. He then asked him if he had any smuggled or forbidden goods in his wheelbarrow. George asked him what he meant, and he replied, that no books or works of any kind were admitted into the country of Happiness. George and his cousins assured the soldier that they had nothing of this sort, and he then permitted them to continue their journey.

When they arrived at Nanterre, all their troubles ceased. A little peasant girl, with a clean handkerchief tied over her head, offered them nice hot gingerbread, and their thanks were considered better than money. When they had taken as much as they could eat, the little girl asked them to choose some house where they could pass the night, and walked along in front of them to show them the way. They went into a charming little

room, where there were three beds for the travellers, and one little one for the dolls, who, having neither drank lemonade nor eaten gingerbread, were very weary.

The children were very soon undressed, and, having put their dolls and the Punch into bed, they got into their own, and, after talking a short time concerning their plans for the future, turned over, and were soon fast asleep.

The next morning, after having eaten a nice breakfast, they thought it would not

do to quit Nanterre without seeing the curiosities of the village. George offered his arm to his cousins, and they set out. I think you will soon guess what shops most excited their attention. It was those with windows full of dolls dressed as princesses, little tin kitchens, &c. George's eyes rested upon swords, guns, and drums, of which each one seemed handsomer than the others. Caroline and Emilie thought of buying one of the most beautiful of the dolls, but they had no room for them, unless they turned out their old dolls, of which they were very fond. They, however, filled their pockets and little bags with gingerbread, thinking that this would not incommode them long, as they should soon eat it up.

They were charmed with the beginning of the voyage, and were delighted at the thought that this was only the commencement of pleasures without end. They continued on their route, and it was not long before their wishes were realized; and with hearts beating, and eyes glistening, they saw the long-wished-for country before them. At first sight, they recognized it, it looked so different from that which they had left behind them. The sky was serene, and not a cloud marred its deep-blue surface. The temperature was mild, and like that of a well-warmed chamber. Hardly had George passed the boundary of this lovely region, when his fatigue left him as if by enchantment. His cousins were no less delighted, and they began to turn round, finding it the best manner to express their joy.

George, thinking that in a place like this there could be no robbers, set down his wheelbarrow, feeling sure he should find it safe on his return; and, taking his Punch

in his hands, as his cousins had done their dolls, he followed them.

The first thing that they stopped to look at was a field in which were growing a quantity of long, colored sticks, yellow, red, blue, green, and transparent as crystal. At first, they approached merely out of curiosity; but when they had touched one or two of them, they perceived, with as much joy as astonishment, that they were sticks of barley, lemon, and checkerberry candy: there were also other kinds dyed the most beautiful colors possible. They afterwards discovered that the sun was not hot enough to melt them, and that in this country it never rained any thing but lemonade. They each of them took as much of the candy as they could carry, and continued on towards the capital of the country. As they approached, they saw that it was entirely surrounded by mountains, but the land was formed entirely of plum cake. They dug into it, and discovered plenty of the best Malaga raisins, as sweet as sugar.

The children saw, upon the top of one of the hills, a little wind-mill, which a boy was turning, but which was not used for grinding corn, but only for squeezing lemons. As they approached the gates of the city, the inhabitants came out to meet them, and seemed delighted to partake of their amusements; so much greater is pleasure when shared with others. At the gate, a guard stopped them, in order to be sure that they had brought no books with them, and then they passed in. Hardly had they entered when they heard very loud music, which, although not very melodious, delighted the cousins, as it was in honor of their arrival.

Three drummers marched in front, followed by boys playing upon kettles, pans, and all sorts of things; finally the whole city followed at their heels. And I cannot tell you how many there were. All the little girls danced round Emilie and Caroline, and numbers of little shopkeepers offered them cakes hot from the oven. They were not obliged to pay: a "thank you" was as good as a half a dollar. The children soon arrived in a square, so large that all the children of Boston and New York could dance upon it.

The houses were built of sponge cake, and when the inhabitants were hungry, they had only to eat some of the walls; and when these were gone, it was very easy to find others. There were trees on which were growing sticks of candy, chocolate, and little pots full of jelly. And there were also two fountains, one full of lemonade, and the other of soda-water, sweetened with the nicest sirups.

While the children were looking round with admiration at all these strange things, they heard some more music, not quite so loud as the first; and the crowd opened to let pass a procession which was advancing. It was led by a new-married couple, just returning from the church. They were each ten years old, and marched along very solemnly, followed by all the guests. The musicians blew strongly upon their trumpets and whistles, and the artillery company fired wooden guns, at which all the little girls stopped up their ears. The married couple approached George and his cousins, and obligingly invited them to join in the procession, and accompany them to their house, to partake of a collation, after which a ball was to finish the

amusements of the day. Our travellers hastened to accept the invitation. Wishing to be polite, they presented the pretty little wife with a complete kitchen which they had brought with them. The present was received with many thanks.

The bride and bridegroom now wended their way to their parents' house, and, with their friends, partook of a breakfast, which was to appease their hunger until the grand repast that was preparing in another room. Before dinner, the happy young couple did the honors of the house to the company. They visited the dwelling which they were going to occupy. It was built like a summer-house, and made of sponge cake of the richest kind. It was now beautifully ornamented, in honor of the wedding-day. The spaces above the doors and windows were incrustated with all sorts of sugar-plums, which had the appearance of the most costly carving. Here and there were hung wreaths and garlands of splendid hues, and which had been raised for the occasion in a greenhouse. The furniture was of chocolate inlaid with rock candy, which had the appearance of rosewood and pearl. There was a large mirror of sugar, in which the children could see themselves from head to foot.

The little adventurers were charmed with all they saw, and wondered why they had remained so long quietly at home when this delightful country was so near them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OPINION is the chief thing which does good or harm in the world. It is our false opinion of things which leads us to ruin.



As the traveller from Paris pursues his way southwards through the central part of France, towards Orleans and the beautiful River Loire, he has occasion to pass across the great plain of Beauce. This is a wide tract of country, very level in surface, and, being generally fertile, it is entirely under culture, and is plentifully dotted over with villages, in which reside the farmers and others who are engaged in rural occupations. In France, there are few farm-houses standing by themselves, surrounded by fields, as in England. Those who cultivate the soil reside, for the greater part, in dwellings clustered together in villages, where an agreeable society is formed among the inhabitants.

The villages in the plain of Beauce are of this kind. Each is a little community of an industrious body of agriculturists, and the tradesmen required to supply their various wants. Every village has a church, an old gray edifice, whose turret

may be seen for a great distance on the plain; and a number of these church towers, from being so conspicuous, form stations for telegraphs. The traveller, therefore, as he passes along, may occasionally observe the arms of a telegraph busily at work on a steeple, and in that way helping to convey intelligence across the country between Paris on the one hand, and Marseilles, on the borders of the Mediterranean, on the other.

Each church, in this as well as in other parts of France, is provided with a *curé*. These *curés* are an humble and diligent class of clergymen, laboring in their sacred vocation for a very small salary; and from their kindliness of manner, as well as their serviceableness in giving advice, in cases of emergency, to the members of their flocks, they are very generally beloved in their respective neighborhoods.

In Artenay, one of these peaceful and industrious villages, not many years ago,

there lived an humble artisan, Jules Asselin. Jules was a journeyman wheelwright by profession; he made wheels for the cars which were employed by the farmers in carrying their produce to market in Orleans. These carriages would be thought rude in construction by those who are acquainted with the fine large wagons of England; because, besides being clumsy in fabric, they are frequently drawn only by cows or oxen, yoked in pairs by the forehead. Yet they carry large burdens of field produce, and answer very well for the wants of the people. Jules Asselin had regular employment in the making of wheels for these vehicles, and, as he was a sober, industrious, and tender-hearted man, fond of domestic happiness, it may be supposed that he was married, and dwelt in a cottage in the village.

It was a pleasure to see the small patch of green or meadow at Artenay, on the occasion of any summer or autumn festival. While the elder cottagers sat at their doors enjoying the sunshine and the scene of gayety before them, the younger members of the rural community danced in groups on the village green to the merry strains of a violin, played by a native musician. At these scenes of festivity, as is remarked by strangers passing through the country, every thing is conducted with much decorum. The people are happy, and relieve the gloom that might creep upon their existence by a light-hearted gayety; a portion of every festival day, in fine weather, being devoted to the dance and the gleesome song.

At one time mingling in such festivities with neighbors, Jules Asselin and his wife

now principally looked on as spectators from the bench at their cottage door; and their pleasure was greatly increased when their two children, Genevieve and Maurice, were old enough to play in the open air around them. These children were regarded with more than ordinary affection. They were twins, and, though differing in sex, bore a remarkable resemblance to each other in features, and also in dispositions.

"How thankful to God should we be," said Jules Asselin one day to his wife Lisette, "that he has given us two such good and healthy children! What a blessing it is to a poor man to be spared seeing his infants pining and sickly, or, what is worse, possessed of bad tempers and dispositions!"

"We should indeed be grateful," replied Madame Asselin. "I have never seen them a moment ill since they were babies, though I fear Maurice is scarcely robust enough for a working-man, which of course he must be. He, as well as his sister, however, are considered the most orderly children in the village; and monsieur the *curé* was only the other day observing to me, that their mutual attachment was quite charming —. But, dear Jules, I think you have suddenly looked melancholy. What is the matter?"

"Nothing, Lisette; I was only thinking——"

"You were only thinking! Well, tell me your thoughts. You know you should have no secrets from your little wife."

"Well, then, dear, a sort of feeling came over me; I felt a little distressed as to what would come of these little creatures, should Providence remove us from our present earthly scene."

"O Jules, don't talk so; it makes me so very melancholy. You know we are both young yet, and I see nothing against our living many years. Let us hope the best, at any rate, and in the mean time do our duty. You remember what the good *curé* said one day in his sermon — what a great thing it is for a man to know, but how much greater to perform, his duty! And if any man does his duty to his family, I am sure you do. Come, cheer up, dear Jules."

"I will. It was a mere passing notion; but now that the thing occurs to my mind, I am resolved to do my best to give Maurice and Genevieve a good education. They shall go to school as soon as they are able to understand instruction, and I will take all the care I can to train them up at home. I will myself teach Maurice drawing and a love of art."

"O, delightful! and I will teach Genevieve to sew and spin, and be a nice housewife. And how pleasant it will be to be all together in the winter evenings round the stove. And perhaps we shall try to sing in parts the chanson, 'When swallows return in early spring,' or 'The tender Musette,' or some other pretty country song."

Thus Jules Asselin and his wife Lisette would picture to themselves visions of domestic felicity; and until the twins were nine years of age, every thing went on according to their wishes. Who, however, can tell what a day may bring forth? One morning, Jules proceeded to his work as usual; in the evening, he lay stretched on his bed a lifeless corpse. A scene of joy was suddenly a scene of mourning. Poor Jules was killed by the overturning upon him of a carrier's loaded wagon, the

wheel of which he had been called on to repair. The accident was universally mourned throughout the district. All felt acutely the loss of so worthy a man, and were distressed for the fate of the unhappy Lisette and her interesting twin children.

Misfortunes, it is said, seldom come single. Lisette, a natural impulsive being, was overwhelmed with the blow, and was in a situation which rendered it doubly afflicting. The shock was too great for her to bear. In three days, she lay stretched a lifeless form beside her faithful Jules, and both were buried in one grave.

This second disaster still more excited the sympathy of the neighbors in favor of the twins, now orphans in helpless childhood. The master wheelwright, who had employed Jules, bound in some respects by duty, but still more by a benevolence of disposition, resolved that he would henceforth be a father to the orphans, and take them home to live with his own family — a species of adoption common enough in the villages of France, where the dwellers beneath their thatched roofs consider themselves as the natural guardians of the orphans left among them without home or support.

Briefly must five years be passed over, during which Maurice was instructed in his father's trade, and his sister Genevieve made herself useful in all possible ways to the new parent beneath whose eye they grew up lovingly together. But their protector, too, was taken from them by death; and the son who succeeded him in the workshop did not, alas! inherit with it his father's considerate tenderness for the poor twins. The boy he tasked

beyond his strength, and exacted from the girl such humiliating drudgery, that even gratitude to their benefactor could not long reconcile them to slavery with his successor.

Abundance of employment could have been found for the orphans separately; but to live apart had become to them a thought more formidable than any extent of privation together. To work for weeks, perhaps, at distant farms, and leave Genevieve to the mercy of strangers, seemed to Maurice deserting both duty and happiness; while, if Genevieve plied her late mother's skill with some village sempstress, the idea of who would care for Maurice, make ready his simple meals, and keep in order his rustic wardrobe, would haunt her to a degree which made remaining asunder impossible.

Together, then, like two saplings from one parent stem, which the force of the blast but entwines more inseparably, did the orphans struggle on through increasing hardships, until a rich farmer, compassionating their condition, and moved by their rare attachment, once more opened to them a joint home, on terms which, since one roof was to shelter them, they were too much overjoyed even to inquire into.

Here, for two more happy years, the lad found on the extensive farm ample employment—now in his original vocation, making and mending the agricultural implements of the establishment, now as a willing sharer in the labors of the field; while the care of the poultry, and all the miscellaneous duties of a farm in France, lent robustness to the frame of his cheerful sister. A passing smile or shake of the hand through the day sufficed to lighten its toils to both; and to sit togeth-

er over the fire, or on some sunny bank at its close, was an extent of happiness they never dreamt of exchanging.

But the "course of true love"—even when hallowed, as here, by the sweetest ties of nature—seldom long "runs smooth." Harvest—in Beauce a season of peculiar activity and importance—was progressing amid the most strenuous exertions of old and young; and Maurice, always earliest and latest in the field, though not gifted with a robust, had yet an agile frame, was eagerly engaged, in a sultry afternoon, in placing, before an impending storm, the crowning sheaf on an immensely high stack, when one more vivid flash than ordinary of the lightning, which had long been playing along the unenclosed cornfields, struck the exposed pinnacle to which the poor lad clung, and hurled him down, breathless and senseless, among the pile of sheaves collected for a fresh stack below.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Father is Coming.

THE clock is on the stroke of six;
The father's work is done:
Sweep up the hearth, and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on!
The wild night-wind is blowing cold;
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold!

He's crossing o'er the wold apace;
He's stronger than the storm;
He does not feel the cold, not he,
His heart it is so warm;
For father's heart is stout and true
As ever human bosom knew!

He makes all toil, all hardship, light:—
Would all men were the same,

So ready to be pleased, so kind,
 So very slow to blame !
 Folks need not be unkind, austere,
 For love hath readier will than fear !

Nay, do not close the shutters, child,
 For far along the lane
 The little window looks, and he
 Can see it shining plain ;
 I've heard him say he loves to mark
 The cheerful fire-light through the dark.

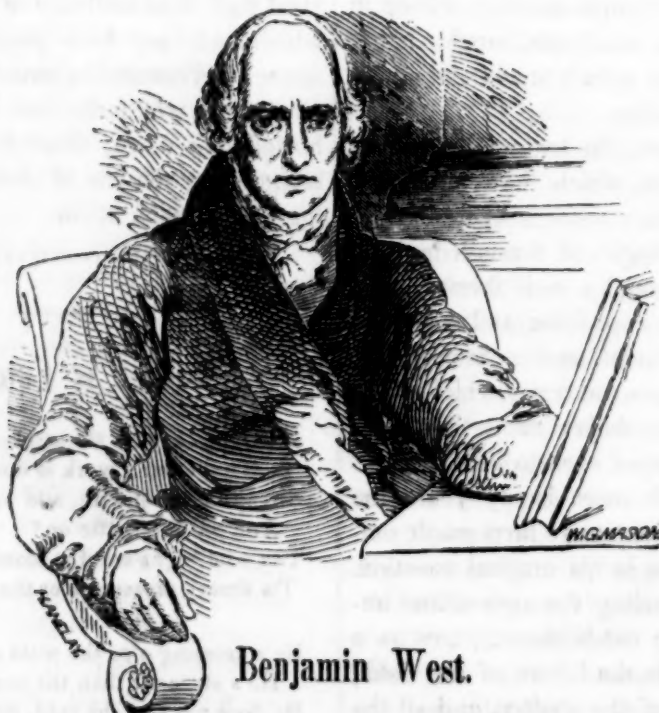
And we'll do all that father likes !
 His wishes are so few :
 Would they were more ! that every hour
 Some wish of his I knew !

I'm sure it makes a happy day,
 When I can please him any way !

I know he's coming by this sign —
 That baby's almost wild ;
 See how he laughs, and crows, and stares,
 Heaven bless the merry child !
 His father's self in face and limb,
 And father's heart is strong in him !

Hark ! hark ! I hear his footsteps now —
 He's through the garden gate !
 Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
 And do not let him wait !
 Shout, baby, shout ! and clap thy hands,
 For father on the threshold stands !

Mary Howitt.



Benjamin West.

ON the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, West was elected president of the Royal Academy, and took his place in March, 1792. In his sixty-fifth year, he painted his great picture of Christ healing

the sick, to aid the Quakers of Philadelphia in the erection of a hospital for that city. It was so much admired that he was offered no less than fifteen thousand dollars for this performance. He accepted

the offer, as he was not rich, upon condition that he should be allowed to make a copy, for the Friends of Philadelphia, for whom he had intended it. This great picture was long exhibited at Philadelphia, and the profits essentially aided the benevolent object which suggested the picture.

West continued to pursue his profession, and painted several pictures of great size, under the idea that his talent was best suited to such performances. In 1817, his wife, with whom he had long lived in uninterrupted happiness, died, and he followed her in 1820. If his standing, as an artist, is not in the highest rank, it is still respectable, and his history affords a striking instance of a natural fitness and predilection for a particular pursuit. If we consider the total want of encouragement to painting, in a Quaker family, in a country town in Pennsylvania, more than a century ago, and advert to the spontaneous display of his taste and its persevering cultivation, we shall see that nature seems to have given him an irresistible impulse in the direction of the art to which he devoted his life.

West was tall, firmly built, and of a fair complexion. He always preserved something of the sedate, even, and sober manners of the sect to which his parents belonged; in disposition, he was mild, liberal, and generous. He seriously impaired his fortune by the aid he rendered to indigent young artists. His works were very numerous, and the exhibition and sale of those in his hands, at the time of his death, yielded a handsome sum to his family. Though his early education was neglected, he supplied the defect by study and observation, and his writings connect-

ed with the arts are very creditable to him as a man, a philosopher, and an artist. — *Parley's Curiosities of Human Nature.*



Animal Sagacity.

AN unfortunate dog, in order to make sport for some cruel boy, had a pan tied to his tail, and was sent off on his travels towards Galt, Scotland. He reached the village utterly exhausted, and lay down before the steps of a tavern, eying most anxiously the horrid annoyance hung behind him, but unable to move a step farther, or rid himself of the torment. Another dog, a Scotch colly, came up at the same time, and, seeing the distress of his crony, laid himself gently down beside him, and, gaining his confidence by a few caresses, proceeded to gnaw the string by which the noisy appendage was attached to his friend's tail, and by about a quarter of an hour's exertion severed the cord, and started to his legs with the pan hanging to the string in his mouth, and after a few joyful capers around his friend, departed on his travels in the highest glee at his success.

Peeps at Paris.

No. II.

GETTING A LIVING IN THE STREETS.

WE have said that the beggars, once so numerous in Paris, have to some extent disappeared. Many, however, remain, and, with those who drive a small trade in tricks and merchandise, in the streets, may deserve a special notice. It is proper to say, however, at the outset, that beggary here assumes a different aspect from what it does in most great cities. It does not seem to proceed from desperate poverty, and generally is blended with some pretence at a trade or profession.

It would be a curious sight to see collected together all the beggars of Paris,—curious even to a Parisian, to whom they are familiar objects,—but much more so to an American, who, living in a country where every one may easily earn his daily bread, can have no idea of the extent to which mendicity, in all its various forms and guises, is carried in a city like Paris. Here are some thousand regularly-licensed beggars, all of whom carry, suspended from their neck, a brass ticket, indicating that they have received from the proper authorities their permission to beg in the public streets. This protects them from all danger of arrest, and renders their calling lawful. They pay about seventy-five cents a year for this permission, although, in some instances, the license costs much more, as in the case of men with hand-organs, harps, guitars, &c., who may be supposed to make much larger profits than their less ambitious brethren. They nearly all have stands or routes appointed to

them, which they are forbidden to transgress. There are many whose faces are never seen out of the *Champs Elysées*; others whom you meet on the boulevard, and nowhere else; while others skulk in the by-streets and lanes, never venturing into the genteel thoroughfares. By this distribution, few beggars are ever seen at once, and their real number is not appreciated, especially by a stranger in the city.

The great profession of beggary in Paris divides itself into two grand branches, including two sorts of mendicants—the first, who beg as every one else begs, making their poverty and misery their only claim upon your charity; and the second, who add another element,—that of barter and exchange,—who give you some little equivalent for your money—the great class of strolling musicians, clowns, jugglers, mountebanks, and all their kindred. Though the first are the most wretched and the most pitiable, the latter, after all, seem to have the greater claim on the purses of the passers-by. The beggar who mopes under an arch, or moans or shivers at the street corner, thinks himself lucky if he makes his twenty sous a day, while a man with a tolerably good hand-organ easily pockets six or seven francs. But we must look at these two kinds of vagabonds in detail.

A beggar in Paris, who sees himself forced to take to the street to obtain his daily bread, scrapes together what little talent he has, and sets himself to work in some one or other of the branches of vagabondage that he thinks himself calculated to fill. If he has a droll expression of face, can tell a good story, or can in any

way entertain a crowd, he gets together a well-thumbed pack of cards, a few pieces of tape, and some small wooden men, and sets off for the Place du Louvre, to seek his fortune. If he has one note of music in his soul, that note seeks expansion on some broken-backed violin or some wheezing flageolet. If nature has endued him with any pliancy of limb or suppleness of body, he spreads his carpet on some broad pavement, and tumbles himself into the public favor. If he has a little capital which his father left him to set him up in business, he buys a hand-organ or a hurdy-gurdy, and grinds his way through the world. Bad luck to him if nature has given him none of these wondrous capabilities, or if his father has left him no money wherewith to buy the organ. Better be blind, better be halt, disfigured in body and limb, trembling with palsy or shaking with the ague, than left deserted in the streets of Paris without any other accomplishment. Better go to the wars and lose a leg, better lose your eyesight, than venture upon the street in all your perfectness of limb and health of body. So all the beggars seem to think, for few but the blind and the halt choose unproductive beggary for their livelihood; all that can, swell the lists of the fiddlers, the strolling mountebanks, and the tumblers. They all range themselves under the banner of Music and Fun, as a fitting emblem of misery and want; so that none but the utterly deserted by both nature and man, are left behind—to weep at the street corners, and waylay the passers-by. Some of these miserable beings are interesting enough to attract a glance as we pass.

On the steps of a large variety store,

on the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, may be seen, from day to day, quite a respectable old lady, who has lost both her legs just below her thighs, and who displays in their place two large wooden appendages, which constitute her claim on the public charity. She has a violin, but, to my certain knowledge, she cannot play a note. By her side sits a poor blind woman, who, with her head cast down, and her hands folded on her lap, awaits the sympathies of the charitable. From her neck hangs a pasteboard placard, on which are written the following words: "A poor blind woman, and mother of a family—without any resource." These two women sit close together, seemingly without any rivalry or ill-feeling; each waiting for that charity which their particular misfortune may excite. Perhaps the blind woman thinks to herself, what a blessing it would be, if she had the eyes of her lame friend; while the latter thinks she would exchange her eyesight for the strong limbs of her unhappy neighbor. Perhaps they are two sisters, whom God has thus terribly afflicted, and who make of their misery a community of interest. Now that I think of it, they are not unlike in face. Farther on, under the shadow of a projecting cave, sits an old man, who, from time immemorial, has shaken with the ague, in the same place, and dressed in the same way. He is a gray-headed man, with a tarpaulin hat coming nearly down to his eyes, and a small square box hanging from his neck. He is utterly incapable of motion, and is probably carried to his seat in the morning, and home in the evening, by some friend or relation. His box is quite often well lined with copper. Not far from

him is a woman, who has no back and very little body, but whose legs seem to proceed directly from her neck. Nothing suggests that she is alive, except the fact that, if she were dead, she would not be extended on the boulevard, and the wooden box which receives the sous. She, too, is a helpless dependant on others for her daily transport from her home, if she has any, to her daily stand—or rather bed—on the pavement. If she gets twenty sous a day, she can easily make both ends meet. A thin soup, twice a day, a pound of coarse bread, and a slice of fat pork to serve as butter, a bed of straw at night, are easily obtained for twenty sous, and even leave something to be laid aside against the inclemencies of the winter,—against a rainy day,—not metaphorically speaking, but a real rainy day, when the rain drives the beggars from the streets, and keeps the charitable at home. In front of Guizot's Hôtel may be seen at night—only at night—the wretched semblance of a man, who seems to have sprouted from the ground, and to be growing there. He takes you by surprise—he comes upon you all at once. You are made suddenly aware of the presence of a head without a body: there is no preparation of feet, legs, and body, but the head, a bald head, seems sitting all alone by itself upon the cold stones of the pavement. You see nothing but the head and a frock. An arm, however, extends a hat to every passer-by, and is rarely unsuccessful in its application. This man—if man he be—is too atrociously deformed not to excite great sympathy. Every body gives him a sou, sometimes two, and hurries away

from the place. Under many of the archways, the passages, and entrances to court-yards, are to be seen women with children in their arms, who make known to you their poverty by thrusting into your face, as you pass, a sheet of note paper, a bunch of matches, or a card of steel pens. These are not to be purchased, but are merely to suggest to you the condition of the woman that offers them. If she does not succeed in this, she lets loose one of her older children upon you. This child is generally a smart one, and knows her business well. She looks at you carefully, and opens her battery accordingly. If you happen to have the air of a married man, walking with your wife, she wishes you all happiness in your domestic arrangements. If you are a marriageable young lady, it's a speedy husband that she wishes you, at the same time kissing her hand vehemently. She never, however, was known to wish a speedy wife to a young gentleman. An editor of a Parisian journal says, that a little girl of this description once accosted him with a hope that he would meet with successful operations on 'Change. She remarked his fat, portly air, and, having been told that fat, portly gentlemen were brokers and speculators, she attacked the editor accordingly. Little boys, of three years old, seated on the pavement, holding a brother or a sister of two years old in their arms, are very often seen in the less crowded streets, where they stay from morning to night, with only a crust of bread to console them during the long twelve hours. All these children have a stint given them, a certain amount, which they must get or be well whipped. An able-bodied girl

is rated at ten sous a day; a sick one, at twelve; and a deformed or helpless one, at fifteen. Their parents, who are beggars themselves, are off in some other part of the city, turning organs, or singing ballads, and towards night return to the street where they left their children in the morning. Little chimney-sweep boys never beg but in one place,—outside the doors of some confectioner's shop,—where they stand eying every

mouthful the visitors eat, glaring at the plum cake, and trying to magnetize the macaroons through the window-panes. These little fellows are quite successful; for it is really small business to eat ninepence worth of cake and drink a glass of wine, and then refuse a sou to a black-faced little fellow, who has followed you through the whole, and who saw the lady of the shop give you back three cents worth of copper in change!



Fairies.

ALMOST all ignorant nations have a belief in the existence of spiritual beings who dwell upon the earth, mingling more or less in the affairs of mortals, sometimes for good, and sometimes for evil. Of all these creations of the imagination, the fairies are perhaps the most pleasing.

It is not easy to say what country is entitled to the credit of having given birth

to the fairies. It appears that we derive them from the East. The Persians call them *Peris*, and the Arabians *Gins*. Under these names they figure largely in Oriental romances.

The belief in fairies has been very common in Europe; and, even at the present day, persons may be found in Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, who have a strong faith in their existence.

Fairies are generally described as spirits of both sexes, in human shape, who are fabled to haunt houses in companies, to reward cleanliness, to dance and revel in meadows in the night time, and to play a thousand freakish pranks. They are represented as clothed in green, and the traces of their tiny feet are supposed to remain visible on the grass for a long time after their dances; these are still called *fairy rings* or *circles*. They are also fabled to be in the practice of stealing infants, and leaving their own progeny in their stead.

Beside these terrestrial fairies, there was imagined to be a species who dwelt in the mines, where they were often heard to imitate the actions of the workmen, to whom they were thought to be inclined to do a service. In Wales, this kind of fairies were called "knockers," and were said to point out the rich veins of silver and lead. Some fairies are fabled to have resided in wells. It was also believed that there was a sort of domestic fairies, called, from their sun-burnt complexions, "brownies," who were extremely useful, and who performed all sorts of domestic drudgery.

Although the belief in fairies has generally faded away, they continue to live in books, and to perform their feats, for the amusement of readers, young and old. In America, they have never been supposed to flourish; yet an author has now and then ventured to transport them hither upon the wings of fancy. The following rhymes were suggested by the well-known fact that the humming-bird is only found in this western portion of the world.

Birthnight of the Humming-Birds.

I'LL tell you a fairy tale that's new —

How the merry elves o'er the ocean flew,
From the Emerald Isle to this far-off shore,
As they were wont in the days of yore,
And played their pranks one moonlit night,
Where the zephyrs alone could see the sight.

Ere the Old World yet had found the New,
The fairies oft in their frolics flew
To the fragrant Isles of the Caribbee,
Bright bosom gems of a golden sea.
Too dark was the film of the Indian's eye,
These gossamer sprites to suspect or spy;
So they danced 'mid the spicy groves unseen,
And mad were their merry pranks, I ween;
For the fairies, like other discreet little elves,
Are freest and fondest when all by themselves.

No thought had they that, in after time,
The muse would echo their deeds in rhyme;
So gayly doffing light stocking and shoe,
They tripped o'er the meadow all dappled in dew.

I could tell, if I would, some right merry tales
Of unslipped fairies that danced in the vales;

But the lovers of scandal I leave in the lurch —

And, beside, these elves don't belong to the church.

If they danced — be it known — 'twas not in the clime

Of your Mathers and Hookers, where laughter was crime;

Where sentinel Virtue kept guard o'er the lip,
Though Witchcraft stole into the heart by a slip!

O, no! 'twas the land of the fruit and the flower,

Where summer and spring both dwelt in one bower —

Where one hung the citron, all ripe from the bough,

And the other with blossoms encircled its brow —

BIRTHNIGHT OF THE HUMMING-BIRDS.

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Where the mountains embosomed rich tissues
of gold,
And the rivers o'er rubies and emeralds rolled.
It was there, where the seasons came only to
bless,

And the fashions of Eden still lingered, in
dress,

That these gay little fairies were wont, as I say,
To steal in their merriest gambols away.
But, dropping the curtain o'er frolic and fun,
Too good to be told, or too bad to be done,
I give you a legend from Fancy's own sketch,
Though I warn you he's given to fibbing —
the wretch!

But I learn by the legends of breezes and
brooks,
'Tis as true as the fairy tales told in the books.

One night, when the moon shone fair on the
main,
Choice spirits were gathered 'twixt Derry and
Spain,
And lightly embarking from Erin's bold cliffs,
They slid o'er the wave in their moonbeam
skiffs.

A ray for a rudder, a thought for a sail,
Swift, swift was each bark as the wing of the
gale.

Yet long were the tale, should I linger to say
What gambol and frolic enlivened the way —
How they flirted with bubbles that danced on
the wave,

Or listened to mermaids that sang from the
cave,

Or slid with the moonbeams down deep to the
grove

Of coral, "where mullet and goldfish
rove" —

How there, in long vistas of silence and sleep,
They waltzed, as if mocking the death of the
deep;

How, oft, where the wreck lay scattered and
torn,

They peeped in the skull — now ghastly and
lorn;

Or deep, 'mid wild rocks, quizzed the gog-
gling shark,

And mouthed at the sea-wolf, so solemn and
stark

Each seeming to think that the earth and the
sea

Were made but for fairies — for gambol and
glee!

Enough, that at last they came to the isle,
Where moonlight and fragrance were rivals
the while.

Not yet had those vessels from Palos been
here,

To turn the bright gem to the blood-mingled
tear.

O, no! still blissful and peaceful the land,
And the merry elves flew from the sea to the
strand.

Right happy and joyous seemed now the
bright crew,

As they tripped 'mid the orange groves flash-
ing in dew,

For they were to hold a revel that night,

A gay fancy ball, and each to be dight

In the gem or the flower that fancy might
choose,

From mountain or vale, for its fragrance or
hues.

Away sped the maskers like arrows of light
To gather their gear for the revel bright.

To the dazzling peaks of far-off Peru,

In emulous speed, some sportively flew,

And deep in the mine, or 'mid glaciers on
high,

For ruby and sapphire searched heedful and
sly.

For diamonds rare that gleam in the bed

Of Brazilian streams, some merrily sped,

While others for topaz and emerald stray

'Mid the cradle cliffs of the Paraguay.

As these are gathering the rarest of gems,

Others are plucking the rarest of stems:

They range wild dells where the zephyr alone

To the blushing blossoms before was known;

Through forests they fly, whose branches are
hung

By creeping plants, with fair flowerets strung,

Where temples of nature, with arches of
bloom,

Are lit by the moonlight, and faint with per-
fume.

They stray where the mangrove and clematis
twine,
Where azalia and laurel in rivalry shine ;
Where, tall as the oak, the passion-tree glows,
And jasmine is blent with rhodora and rose.
O'er blooming savannas and meadows of light,
'Mid regions of summer, they sweep in their
flight,
And, gathering the fairest, they speed to their
bower,
Each one with his favorite brilliant or flower.

The hour is come, and the fairies are seen
In their plunder arrayed on the moonlit green.
The music is breathed — 'tis a soft strain of
pleasure,
And the light, giddy throng whirl into the
measure.
'Twas a joyous dance, and the dresses were
bright,
Such as never were known till that famous
night ;
For the gems and the flowers that shone in
the scene,
O'ermatched the regalia of princess and
queen.
No gaudy slave to a fair one's brow
Was the rose, or the ruby, or emerald, now,
But lighted with souls by the playful elves,
The brilliants and blossoms seemed dancing
themselves.

Of all that did chance, 'twere a long tale to tell,
Of the dresses and waltzes, and who was the
belle ;
But each was so happy, and all were so fair,
That night stole away and the dawn caught
them there !

Such a scampering never before was seen
As the fairies' flight on that island green.
They rushed to the bay with twinkling feet ;
But vain was their haste, for the moonlight
fleet
Had passed with the dawn, and never again
Were those fairies permitted to traverse the
main,
But, 'mid the groves, when the sun was high,
The Indian marked, with a worshipping eye,
The HUMMING-BIRDS, all unknown before,
Glancing like thoughts from flower to flower,

And seeming as if earth's loveliest things,
The brilliants and blossoms, had taken wings ;
And fancy hath whispered, in numbers light,
That these are the fairies who danced that
night,
And linger yet in the garb they wore,
Content in our clime, and more blest than
before !

Four-leaved Shamrock.

A BEAUTIFUL superstition prevails among
the Irish, that he who happens to find
a four-leaved shamrock becomes pos-
sessed of the magic power to gratify
all his wishes in this life by his mere
command. LOVER, the poet, in the be-
nevolence of his heart, has said that, if he
were the lucky finder, he would use the
power for the GOOD OF MANKIND, in this
wise : —

To worth he would give honor ;
He'd dry the mourner's tears,
And to the pallid lip recall
The smile of happier years ;
And friends that had been long estranged,
And hearts that had grown cold,
Should meet again like parted streams,
And mingle as of old.
And thus he'd use th' enchanter's power
To scatter bliss around,
And not a tear or aching heart
Should in the world be found !

The Schoolmaster.

OF all professions, which this world has
known,
From clowns and cobblers upward to the throne,
From the grave architect of Greece and Rome,
Down to the framer of a farthing broom, —
The worst for care and undeserved abuse,
The first in real dignity and use,
If skilled to teach, and diligent to rule,
Is the learned master of his little school.



The Cid.

THIS title, which signifies "lord," is given to the great hero of ancient Spanish history. His real name was Don Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar.

In the seventh century, the Saracens, or followers of Mohammed, burst like an inundation from Arabia, and overwhelmed the adjacent nations with their arms. Among other countries, they conquered

the northern portions of Africa, which now bear the title of Barbary. Under the name of Moors, they crossed the Straits of Gibraltar, and, passing into Spain, conquered a considerable portion of that country. Here they founded a kingdom, which, in the course of a few centuries, became one of the most brilliant in the world. The sovereigns of

this Moorish dominion encouraged science, literature, and the arts. Their cities were the seats of learning, wealth, and refinement. Many of the edifices constructed during this period remain in Spain, to attest the taste and magnificence of the Moors.

The original Spaniards continued from the beginning to maintain their independence in some parts of the country, and for hundreds of years their wars with the Moors were unceasing. The most deadly hostility existed between the two races, and, in the contests which took place between them, many heroic acts occurred, which have been preserved in ballads, and brought down to the present time.

The most celebrated of these ballads are those which relate to the Cid. In these, many incredible adventures are attributed to him. In fact, so many romantic legends are woven into the narratives of his life, that he seems to be almost as much involved in the mists of fable as King Arthur himself. All that we can say with certainty about him is, that he was born about the year 1040, was a man of wonderful bravery and daring; that he collected a band of followers, and made war upon the Moors, who at this time held by far the greater part of Spain; that he added victory to victory, and, conquering one place after another, at last became master of Valencia, over which he reigned till his death, in the year 1099.

The ballads which relate the adventures of the Cid, impute to him not only the virtues of courage and heroism, but every other quality which can adorn humanity. To this day, the memory of the

Cid is cherished among the dearest of historical recollections by the Spaniards.

The Two Dogs.

Two dogs — the one a stout, athletic fellow — the other small, delicate, and feeble — were once chained together.

In this condition, they wandered from home, and set forth upon their adventures.

The large dog chanced to be entirely selfish, and cared for nothing but to gratify his own appetite, whims, and caprices. When he came across a piece of meat or a bone, he took it all to himself. When he desired to go in any particular direction, thither he went. If his little friend and companion begged for a portion of the food, rough old Jowler snarled and snapped at him, and would not let him have a bit. If little Trip grew weary, and desired to take some rest, the big dog dragged him along, and wondered that such an insignificant creature should think of having any wishes of his own.

Thus affairs went on between the two dogs for several days. Jowler had his way in every thing, and was constantly out of humor with Trip, because he sometimes interfered with his own appetite or pleasure. In all this, Jowler thought he was consulting his own happiness; but selfishness blinded his judgment, just as it sometimes does the judgment of human beings. Jowler carried the joke too far. Poor Trip, getting nothing to eat, and being pulled and hauled about, grew very thin and faint. At last, he could bear his miseries no longer; so he lay down and died.

What a horrid situation was this for Jowler! He had lost his companion; but this was not all. The dead body clung to him, and he could not shake it off. He dragged it about for a time, but the effort was painful. By degrees, Jowler grew weary, and at last, overcome with fatigue, he lay down upon the ground, from which he was unable to rise. Here he remained in great distress for some days, when at last he died.

This is a sad story, but it conveys a lesson, which it is well for all to learn. Selfishness toward our friends and companions is always wrong, and, soon or late, it is likely to bring punishment upon us. Even if no other evil come from it, the remembrance of our injustice is sure to haunt us, and be, like the dead body of Trip to poor old Jowler, a burden from which it is impossible to extricate ourselves.



The Antelope.

THE antelope is an animal of the deer kind, but it is smaller than the deer, and even more delicate in its formation. Its legs are extremely slender, and seem made on purpose to enable it to run with great speed. Its eye is large, black, and full of expression.

The common antelope is a native of India, where it lives, in large herds, upon the uninhabited plains. Its swiftness is so

great that the fleetest greyhound cannot overtake it. In its flight it is said sometimes to leap a hundred feet at a single bound. It is exceedingly watchful, and the herd always keep a guard, consisting of some of the young bucks, stationed at various points, to look out for danger. These sentinels perform their duty with the utmost fidelity. They examine the bushes, rocks, and other places around

which might conceal a foe; they stand with their heads erect, looking in all directions, at the same time snuffing the air. Upon the slightest intimation of danger from any one of these guards, the whole herd take to flight, following in the track of some wise old buck.

In the Rocky Mountains, and the plains east of them, small herds of antelopes are sometimes seen, which are similar to those of Asia, though they have a point shooting out from each horn, which has given them the title of the *prong-horned* antelope.

The Snow-Bird.

WORDS AND MUSIC FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

When the leaves and flowers are dead, When the oth - er birds are fled,

When the win - ter wind is keen, Then the snow-birds all are seen.

When the flakes are falling fast,
When the forest feels the blast,
When the drifts in circles play,
'Tis the snow-birds' holiday.

When the earth is covered deep,
When in ice the rivers sleep,
When all other things are sad,
Hark! the snow-birds' voice is glad!

When the frost is on the pane,
When the wailing winds complain,
When the boys come shivering in,
Hark! the snow-birds' cheerful din!

But when Spring, 'mid rosy light,
Bids stern Winter take his flight,
The snow-birds, in his stormy train,
Fly northward, where he holds his reign.